Friday night.

Nov 16 - 1906

My Violet.

Consider the difficulties I
writing a letter while Peter
discusses modern verse, with
a jerk & a twist - I look at
him & think how one day I
shall look him in the eye &
say you're not good enough - when
he will kiss me, & Nessa will
weep a great tear, & say we
shall always have a room for
you - I get such
vague reports that I don't know

Which disease I am addressing.
I need hardly say that I
respect them all.
We have taken a decided
turn in our household. Baby
has rounded the corner, & we
think he will now go on stronger,
& Nesta is 'feeling better' says
the Dr. He sits & talks to
her, till I think I must interrupt.
Then we have George & Gerald &
Margaret, & old aunts with pheasants
& carnations, & many tears &
smiles. & Kitty has gone off to
the North & promised a dressing
jacket which never comes — &

NYPL

Jack has gone off shooting & lent us £100 - but this is the kind of sentence which no human being writes in a temperature over 90 of pt. 4. ought to read.

I went out this afternoon & saw Ella - & then I had a long talk from Mrs Booth, who has got enough wisdom to salt 20 dozen ordinary people & it reminds me of you. But then you are a d-d practical woman, with a sharp edge to your tongue. Still take you all in all - at any rate we celebrate you at lunch tea & dinner - & start Fisher writes to enquire after 'poor Miss D" She has just driven up in a growler (10. P.M.) to hear the last news. - driven off again, like an evil witch,

before we could stop her. I heard a
scannel voice in the hall.

Now my beloved Violet, if there is
a single thing in this world or
the next, in the world beneath or
the world above, that I can do
for you or do for you - well
there's no harm in promising - ^
Wallaby seen to fed with
wet eggs mixing this lean
mother lying out in the brushwood
with alien foxes round her.
"alien" is a pretty word, aint it?
If I could smoor a pillow, or boil a
sausepan, or fetch a hot bottle,
you know I would do it all wrong,
with the best intentions possible.
Wall rubs his soft nose on me guilt.
He is a dear little beast, & loves
his mother. Sp.

NYPL

Monday. Nov 19? - 1906

My Violet.

I dont know what
varicity of spots yours are.
Probably severe heat fever
temperature. We are a little
Serapel of the Dickinson typhoid
compared to the Stephen typhoid.
However we are improving;
Nesa's recovery is a little too
rapid per my liking. The dr.
goes in a stern sad manner
comes out a little weak round the
lips: "Your sister is so
remarkably sensible. We had
better leave it to her."
However, belief in her own
power stunning doctors is really

tracing, & she has the weighing
machine to bear witness.
She weighs 9. 4: I dont:
for dont: hers: dont: Ewald
wears a latch key & a watch chain
& £2 10 in his pocket
weighs 14 - or is it 15? yes
15 - Wassall wooed me
other ways. "I must be bad
old Thoby Sq" indeed before I shall forget you"
to his nurse - so between the
two - typhoid & appendicitis.
all emotions seem to be fermenting
It is dull to be a healthy
happy wallaby. with no heart
& no inside -
But then, I

began to see that every bird made
for others, & every Saucepan
washed for others opens a new
window into the soul. So I
am all windows & no walls,
& is rather like living in a
lighthouse.
Now I have dear Peter Bell
to talk to. He thinks
there never was a family like
ours: never was a sister like
ours. So I agree & we
sit at tea & marriage &
what with the food for - women
who has had appendicitis, &
has a proposal. a woman of
very scrupulous mind &
unselfish nature.
I jumped in & said yes
on all sensitive appreciations, &

Ball; You have no character.
You want bottom.
He blushed like a sunset over
Mont Blanc, blinked like a
Wind-mill, & said You
are quite right Mrs Stephen:
it is very painful.
Then I said: "But many good
practices are dormant.
need homely life"
'I do' he sighed. with much
significance. 'But I said' You
must really be one of our
homely" So we approach-
ed - & he dont call me
Mr Jinia & kiss me on the
doorstep before the dog and that
dont lose my violet. and that
is the oath to swear by. I feel
all my heart drawn to you. when
Sara I cuddle on my mat, & roll over
& let you look for
flea. Will you.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Thursday

My Violet.

Here is the morning post, the morning's milk - 20 letters for Miss Dickinson. Which with the open first! The fat one, with the large hand & the coronet & the sealing wax: do my senses fail me.

Well, my Violet, did you sleep, & did you dream - & did you dream of me? Ken see I ask & ask, but answer there is none.

Here a has fancied another 2
Clo: the dr. says it is about
time to stop - & she may get
up on Sunday. She does
get up every day - a pale
rose behind her ear, & wears
the pink opera cloak we
bought at Constantinople
to sit by the fire in,
while she eats her pheasant
& drinks her milk. It is
that a sentence? no, it is a
disjointed allisater.
Dear old Shorty is still on
his back - but manages to be

about as full of life in that position
as most people are in their
best legs. He asks daily
after you, & whether you have
sloughed yet, & how many spots
you had, & what your temp. is.
Shall he come & see you, or
will you come & see him first?
Peter is an angel — I always
forget whether I kiss him or not.
Altogether, the hospital is satisfactory;
& so far I have not let out
any true character. You can't
think what a triumph it is to
be asked to buy waterproof
sheeting, as though one understood;
I had never written a check in
one's life. I have afternoon
tea with the Dr. sometimes, & he

is going to send me a pamphlet
on the State endowment of
hospitals. I picked up some
hints from Iggy about hat-
ching - unfortunately Thompson
thinks the other way round -
& though I was able to agree,
I can't argue.

NYPL

When the dr. feels your pulse
next, I wish you would ask
him from a friend who wishes
to be nameless but is interested
in the question whether he
thinks your heart a good one.
& if he can discover any particular
tendencies in it - & if there is one
for — But no secret would be
safe. Give my love discreetly all
round. Yours ever

J. T. S. died that morning

Le Mesnil. Nov 12th 1906

My Violet.

How you can trust any nurse to write down your vocabulary I dont know. My patient is only allowed to write a very occasional letter to his Snowdon - that the drs orders. Her merits for agitata - any woman that sings must be eccentric - whereas he saw Swan per heinsely. & disposed her case.

We are seeing on well through

our stages. It's a long business,
but there's no need to be
anxious. I must let out
my pen again, & make that
do it's business. I reviewed
2 silly novels: no 3 - & a
4th remains. My aim
now is to cut out 500
Chaste words in order, symmetry
& haste - no matter what they
mean.
Why don't you read the Creevey
Papers through? I can't
stop imbibing disreputable
gossip; I begin to see what

et is to have a taste for memoirs -
like Lady Tilton, & Margaret.
Is this conceited? but take no
leaving you when they
have spent themselves on
appendicitis & they stick like a
leech to Creevy. I think
I shall write an article for
the Academy. But this dont
interest you. What you like is
oaths & scandal. So mark
then, my wrazened pimpernel,
I shall have a niece in
February.
Sassi forgiveness is engaged to
John Buchan; & the
wise - that is Jack - predicts
tragedy. How is she to

live with a clever man all
the days of her life? She is
pretty & plays a bagatelle (has a
facks voice) must have a
man to hold her handkerchief-
but he heart is callous—
Her has a NYPL brain, dips the spectacles
& thinks & plots. Now
makes a story out of this as you
lie in bed, & puts it into.
Weighing days to moons!
think - & the machine
acts works by itself.
Good night & God - have a
I a right to a God -?
Send you sleep.
Walt wiggles in -
wants love. Yr OS.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Nov 25th 1906

My Violet.

You should have had
a letter from Nina before
this. She wrote, I suppose
I put it down somewhere,
as my habit still is.
You can't think what feats
I have done with Snows telegrams
& letters.

Shirley is going on splendidly.
He is very cross with his
legs. because they went

Give him mutton chops & beer;
& he asks why he can't
go for a ride with Bell, -
look for wild geese. Then
nurse says "wont fame evil do"
at which we laugh.
Rosa also increases steadily.
Really I think we are through
our troubles - but it has been
the devil of a time.
I have
tried to write - but perpetual
sense has consolidated my brain.
Ihoby has been reading reviews
of the Life, & want to know it
you are up to that? She dr.
says his brain is the strangest he knows;

& his heart is fit to do the work
of two men. Well, it is a
long job, as you have to be so
careful with food - & then as his
legs were bad there is the
danger of cold - & he is like a
child. We hope he will
get away in 3 weeks, with
Bell; & then will be more
than ready to go before that.
She is to let up, come down &
see like this week - but I
have made her promise to stay
more often in her room till
she goes away - at least to
make that her headquarters.
She really is a wonderful woman.
She sat down solidly to let well-
confuted all the doctors, & has
proved that she was right all the time.

She saw Kitty one day, but as a
rule she only see us. They
let her do as she thinks fit now:
I feel happier about her than I
have done for ever months. She
does seem to me rested all through -
brain & body - & ready to begin
again as perhaps NYPL paint.
And now that Hoby is out of
danger they will go swimmingly:
only my dear old Fury one must
heal up - & come to a joyful dinner.
This is perhaps the dullest letter that
my pen ever wrote; I leave it
Sir new had written it, or Ella, or
Herbert Paul - one would have thought
differently of them. I went to the
Zoo this morning with Odin; a
a Kinkajou hung on to my hand: I
O Kinkajou, I said - if I were you -
You will understand that that is
Ecclamatory, & it is a poem too.
And I saw the kangaroo, with its baby in its
pouch, & it licked its nose, & wiped its eyes.
That is Violet I cried.

H.G.W.